THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

> . Various;—that the mind
> Of desultory man, studious of change,
> And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
> COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

POLITE LITERATURE.

Even in the opinion of the most crabbed criticks, a Biographical work has never issued from a *French* Press, written in a more fascinating manner, or exciting a stronger interest than The Memoirs of Marmontel. This delightful book was seized on with avidity by the British Booksellers, and a translation was hastily published, in a few days after the receipt of the original from Paris. The consequence of this zeal, on the part of the proprietors to forestal the literary market, may be easily imagined. Portions of the original were doled out to journeymen translators, whose employers pay them, not according to the elegance of the workmanship, but the *quantity* of the materials, and the facility with which the task has been accomplished. The result of this clumsy and illiberal process was a strange uncouth version, more execrably bad than the barbarous style of a schoolboy in the lowest form of his noviciate. What renders the tameness of this travesty of Marmontel the more inexcusable, is the wonderful simplicity and perspicuity of the original. But the garreteers, who worked at the job, seem to be alike ignorant of French, and the first principles of Taste and Composition. Gross Gallicisms pollute every page; and as for their version of many poetical passages, interspersed through the original, such was the egregious absurdity of the style, that we could not peruse a single line without loud laughter at the expense of these * *Doers into English.*

But intrinsick merit is never to be long obscured by the clouds of ignorance or the misty haze of confusion. It will shine forth gloriously at length, and, like Shakspeare's youthful Harry, "as gorgeous as the Sun in Midsummer." We have, at length, obtained a *closet* interview with Marmontel himself, heard him narrate his own interesting adventures, and seen through the purest medium that genius which instructed mankind in *Belisarius* and charmed them in *Moral Tales.*

From this amusing Biography, which among those who have a taste for nature and simplicity in France, will rank as high as Goldsmith's Vicar does among a similar description of readers in England and America, we shall now make an extract extremely interesting to the conductor of every literary Journal: may we add that it will be interesting, peculiarly interesting, to the readers of such a work.

At a time when Polite Literature was greatly in vogue in France and when excited by the munificence of a Monarchy, men of genius and learning thronged its capital, Marmontel undertook the management of *The Mercury*, a Miscellany, which at once

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* In the titlepages to most of those vile Translations, which at one time swarmed from the English Press, the unhappy reader was generally apprized that the work was *done into English by a person of honour.* This same person of honour probably slept in the same bed in a garret with three other persons of a rank as noble as his own. Sometimes this person of honour appeared in the shape of Mrs. Manly or Mrs. Behn, or some other kind one, with reputation equally unblighted. One *Edmund Curl*, a Bookseller, at one time famous in the Courts of Judicature, and immortalized by Pope in the Dunciad, was very intimate with all these persons of honour, most of whom were his stipendiaries.

obtained the favour of the Court and the contributions and applause of the literati. Here we have his own history of the foundation and success of that establishment. It is only necessary to add that Marmontel himself furnished most of the materials of this Journal, and in the execution of this arduous and delicate task condemned himself to the labour "of Sisyphus, or to the toil of the Danaides."

For the present Translation, which has been carefully revised and compared with the original, the editor is indebted to a gentleman who has a sound judgment in the choice of foreign literature, taste to relish its beauties, and skill to transfer them. We shall from time to time very gladly avail ourselves of his able assistance, and introduce to the mere English reader interesting passages from the works of those great men, who basked in the patronage of Louis XIV, at once the Mæcenas and the Augustus of the French Monarchy.

For The Port Folio.

TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH OF THE MEMOIRS OF MARMONTEL.

THE Court was at Fontainbleau, and I frequently went there to pass an hour of the evening with Quesnai. I was one night with him, when Madam De Pompadour sent for me and said—"Do you know that La Bruere is dead at Rome? He enjoyed the privilege of The Mercury: this privilege produced him an annual revenue of twenty-five thousand livres; here is a sufficiency to make more than one happy man; and it is our intention to attach to the new Patent for The Mercury some pensions for men of letters. I request you, who know them, to name those, who may have need of pensions, and would accept them." I mentioned the names of Crebillon, D'Alembert, Boissy, and some others. As for Crebillon, I knew well that it was useless to recommend him; with regard to D'Alembert, perceiving that she gave a slight sign of disapprobation: "he is, said I, Madam, a Geometrician of the first rank, a very distinguished writer, and perfectly honest man." "Yes, replied she, but a hot head." I gently answered, that without a little heat in the head, there was no great talent. "He is become, said she, a passionate admirer of the Italian Musick, and has placed himself at the head of the Buffon party." "He has, however, answered I modestly, composed the Preface to the Encyclopedia." She spoke of him no more; but he had no pension. I believe that a more operative reason for his exclusion, was his zeal in favour of the King of Prussia, whose declared partisan he was, and whom Madame De Pompadour hated personally. When Boissy's turn came, she asked me: "Is not Boissy rich? I believe him at least to be in easy circumstances: I have seen him at the Theatre, and always well dressed." "No, Madam, he is poor, but he conceals his poverty." "He has composed many Dramatick pieces," said she. "Yes, but all those pieces have not been equally successful and productive. But, Madam, shall I tell you? Boissy is so far from being rich, that without the aid of a friend, who discovered his situation, he would have died of want during the last winter. Destitute of bread, too proud to ask of any one, he had confined himself with his wife and son, resolved to expire together, and about to kill themselves in each other's arms, when this protecting friend forced the door and saved them. Oh God! cried Madame De Pompadour, you make me tremble. I am going to recommend him to the King.

On the morning of the succeeding day, Boissy enters my house, pale, bewildered, beside himself, with an emotion, which resembled joy on the countenance of grief. His first movement was to throw himself at my feet. I, who thought him suddenly attacked by indisposition, hastened to assist him, and raising him, I inquired what could have thrown him into the situation in which I saw him. "Ah! sir, said he, do you not know? You, my generous benefactor, you, who have preserved my life, you, who, from an abyss of misery, have transported me into an unexpected state of happiness and prosperity! I went to solicit a small pension on The Mercury; and M. De Saint-Florentin announces that it is the privilege, the very patent of

The Mercury that the King has just granted to me. He informs me that I am indebted to Madame De Pompadour for this favour; I go to present her my thanks; and in her apartment M. Quesnai tells me that it is you, who, in speaking of me, have touched Madame De Pompadour so tenderly that her eyes were drowned in tears."

Here I wished to interrupt by embracing him; but he continued: "what then have I done, sir, to merit this tender interest on your part? I have seen you only transiently; scarcely do you know me; and in speaking of me you have the eloquence of sentiment, the eloquence of friendship!" At these words he attempted to kiss my hands. "This is too much, sir, said I, it is time for me to moderate this excess of gratitude; and, after having suffered you to unburthen your heart, I wish in my turn to explain myself. Assuredly I wished to serve you; but in that I have only been just, and without it I should have betrayed the confidence with which Madame De Pompadour, honoured me by asking my advice. Her sensibility and her goodness have performed the rest. Permit me then to rejoice with you at your good fortune, and let both of us return thanks for it to her, who is its authour."

As soon as Boissy had taken leave of me, I went to the Minister; and perceiving that he received me, as if he had nothing to communicate, I asked him if I had not an acknowledgment to make to him? He replied no. If the pensions on The Mercury were disposed of? He told me yes: If Madame De Pompadour had not spoken to him respecting me? He assured me that she had not said a word to him with regard to me, and that if she had mentioned me, he would willingly have placed my name on the list which he had presented to the King. I confess that I was confounded; for, without having named myself, when she consulted me, I felt perfectly confident of being among the number of those, whom she would propose. I went to her house; and very fortunately found in her parlour Madame De Marchais, to whom I circumstantially recounted my mischance. "Well, said she, does this astonish you? it does not surprise me; this is characteristick of her. She must have forgotten you." At the same instant, she enters the dressing-room, where Madame De Pompadour was; and immediately after I hear bursts of laughter. From this I drew a happy presage; Madame De Pompadour indeed, when going to mass, could not look at me without still laughing, at having left me in oblivion. "I was exactly right in my conjecture, said Madame De Marchais when she next saw me; but reparation shall be made." I had then a pension of twelve hundred livres on The Mercury, and I was satisfied.

If M. De Boissy conducted it himself, he remained at his ease; but it was necessary for him to support it; and for that purpose he had neither the connexions, nor the resources, nor the activity of the Abbe Raynal, who, in the absence of La Bruere, conducted it, and performed that duty well.

Destitute of succour, and finding nothing tolerable among the papers which had been left to him, Boissy wrote me a letter which was a true signal of distress. "It will be to no purpose, said he, that you have obtained for me the gift of The Mercury; this benefit is lost to me, unless you add to it that of coming to my aid. Prose or verse, what you please, every thing from your hand will be valuable to me. But hasten to extricate me from my present embarrassment: hasten, I conjure you, in the name of that friendship, which I have vowed to you for all the rest of my life."

This letter deprived me of sleep; I saw this unfortunate man exposed to ridicule, The Mercury depriciated under his management, and its tameness completely exposed. It gave me a fever during the whole night; and it was in this state of crisis and agitation that the first idea occurred to me of writing a tale. After having passed the night, without closing my eyes, in ruminating upon the subject of that which

I have entitled Alcibiades, I rose, I wrote it in a breath, *currente calamo*, and sent it to Boissy. This tale had an unexpected success. I had exacted the suppression of the authour's name. The world did not know to whom to attribute it; and at the dinner of Helvetius, where the most acute connoisseurs were present, they did me the honour to ascribe it to Voltaire or Montesquieu.

Boissy, elated with joy at the increase which this novelty gave to the sale of The Mercury, redoubled his intreaties to obtain from me some more pieces of the same kind. I composed for him the tale of Soliman II, afterwards that of the Scruple, and some others. Such was the origin of those moral tales, which have since had so much vogue in Europe. Thus did Boissy render me more essential service than I had rendered to him. But he did not long enjoy his good fortune; and at his death, when it became necessary to replace him: "Sire, said Madame De Pompadour to the king, "will you not give the Mercury to him, who has supported it." The patent was conferred upon me. It was then necessary for me to resolve on quitting Versailles. But, at that moment, an establishment was offered to me, which appeared to be better and more permanent. I know not what instinct, which has always guided me tolerably well, prevented my giving it the preference.

The Marshal De Belle-Isle was Minister at War; his only son, the Count De Gisors, the best educated and most accomplished young man of the age, had just obtained the lieutenancy and command of the Carabiniers, of whom the Count De Provence was Colonel. The regiment of Carabiniers had a secretary attached to the person of the commandant, with a salary of twelve thousand livres, and this place was vacant. A young man, named Dorlif, presented himself to occupy it, and mentioned that he was known by me. "Well, said the Count De Gisors, invite M. Marmontel to pay me a visit; I shall be very glad to converse with him." Dorlif composed short pieces of poetry, and sometimes came to communicate them to me: in this consisted our acquaintance. I considered him, beside, as an honest and good young man. This was the testimony that I gave respecting him. "I am going, said the Count De Gisors, whom I then saw for the first time, to speak to you with confidence. This young man is not calculated for this place: I want a man who from tomorrow may be my friend, and upon whom I may rely, as upon another self. M. the Duke De Nivernois, my father-in-law, has proposed one to me; but I distrust the facility of the great in giving their recommendations; and if you have a man to offer me who possesses your confidence, and is such a one as I require, not daring, added he, to pretend to have yourself, I will accept him from your hands." "A month sooner, M. Count, I should have requested for myself, said I, the honour of being attached to you. The patent of The Mercury of France, which the King has just granted to me, is an engagement which, without levity, I cannot so soon break; but I am going among my acquaintance to see whether I can find the man who will suit you.

Among my acquaintance there was a young man at Paris named Suard, of an understanding refined, acute, correct, and discreet, of an amiable character, of gentle and attractive manners, sufficiently imbued with the Belles Lettres, who conversed well, wrote in a pure, easy, and natural style, and with the most correct taste; above all, prudent and reserved, with honourable sentiments. I cast my eyes upon him, I begged him to visit me at Paris, whither I had gone for the purpose of saving him the journey. On the one hand, this place appeared to him to be advantageous; on the other, he found it slavish and laborious. France was then at war; it was necessary to follow the Count De Gisors in his campaigns; and Suard, naturally indolent, would have very well liked to possess a fortune, but not at the expense of his liberty and repose.

He asked me for twenty-four hours to make his reflections. In the morning of the following day, he came to tell me that it was impossible for him to accept this place; that his friend, M. Delaire solicited it, and that he was recommended by M. the Duke De Nivernois. I knew Delaire to be a man of genius, a perfectly honest man, of a solid and stable character, and of the most rigid morals. "Conduct your friend hither, said I to Suard; I will propose him, and the place is assuredly his." We agreed with Delaire merely to say, that in my choice I happened to coincide with the Duke De Nivernois. M. De Gisors was charmed at this coincidence, and Delaire was accepted. "I depart, said the valiant young man to him: there may soon be an affair at the army; I wish to be present. You will come and join me as soon as possible." Indeed, a few days after his arrival, the battle of Crevelt was fought, in which he was mortally wounded at the head of the Carabiniers. Delaire arrived only in time to bury him.

I asked M. De Marigny whether he thought my place of Secretary of the Publick Edifices was compatible with the privilege and labour of The Mercury. He replied that he thought it impossible to give due attention to both. "Give me then my discharge, said I; for I have not courage to ask you for leave to retire." He gave it to me, and Madame Geoffrin offered me a lodging at her house. I accepted it with gratitude, requesting her to permit me to pay her the rent: a condition to which I obliged her to consent.

You here see me driven back by my destiny to that Paris, whence I had with so much pleasure retreated; you see me more than ever dependent on that publick from which I thought myself disengaged for life. What then was become of my resolutions? Two sisters in a convent, at an age to be married; the facility of my old aunts to give credit to every one who asked it, and to ruin their trade by contracting debts which I was obliged to pay every year; a provision for the future of which it was necessary to think, having hitherto placed in reserve only ten thousand livres which I had employed as security for M. Odde; the French Academy to which I could only attain by pursuing the career of letters; finally, the attraction of that literary and philosophical society which recalled me to its bosom, were the reasons, and must be the excuses for the inconstancy which induced me to renounce the sweetest, the most delicious repose, to come to Paris to conduct a Journal, that is, to condemn myself to the labour of Sisyphus, or to that of the Danaides.

For The Port Folio.

Clara D'Albe.

The French, in the happy talent of telling a Story with liveliness and ease are universally allowed to excel every other nation. This is, in part, perhaps, to be ascribed to their vivacity and spriteliness of character, but more certainly to the beauty and perfection of their language. Cultivated and formed in courts, of which it may properly be said to be the dialect, it has long since acquired an elegance and precision for which our language has some years been slowly exchanging a rude and uncouth phraseology. It is happily calculated to support the unstudied elegances of conversation, and of all others, the most susceptible of embellishment from a skilful and delicate hand. The French, therefore, have always excelled in Novel writing and in familiar and epistolary composition. Many of their Novels are unequalled for spritely and animated narration, and we have nothing, perhaps, in our language, that approaches in this respect, the inimitable Gil Blas of Le Sage. Mr. Fielding's Novels are exquisite in their kind, but every reader must remember how much the admirable humour of that writer suffers from the coarseness and vulgarity of his expressions. I would not, however, be understood as applying this observation with very great latitude to the

writers in our language: in the elevated and more dignified walks of composition we have many who leave the French far behind, and some who equal, if they do not surpass them, in the softer and spritelier graces of style. I shall mention only two, whom it will be nearer my purpose and more in harmony with the design of this Essay to notice here: Mrs. Radcliffe as a Romance writer yields to none I am acquainted with in the French language. In the inimitable performances of this lady, I recognise at one time the wild and mysterious strain of Dante, at another, the spritely and luxuriant imagination of Ariosto. She has, indeed, stolen from the caverns of the Florentine muses their sacred fire, their magick spells, and enchantments, by which they so imperiously sway the fancy and the heart. At one time I am transported amidst the gayety of Venice to sport among its gondolas on a summer's moonlight evening upon the waters of the Adriatick, at another I am carried into the cliffs, the steeps, and precipices of the Appenines and conducted under the shades of night to the mysterious transactions at Udolphus. The Chateau of St. Aubert, the little picture of domestick quiet exhibited there, the vineyards, the landscapes, and variegated banks of the Garonne, would not more have embellished the inimitable pieces of Poussin or of Claude Lorrain, than the torrents, the rocks, and the pine-clad brows of the Appenines together with the troops of banditti and the terrour-frowning battlements of Udolpho would have been worthy the romantick pencil of Salvator Rosa. Having mentioned Mrs. Radcliffe as a Romance writer, I shall adduce Lady Montague as a no less illustrious exception in the department of epistolary composition. The accomplishments, attainments, and learning of this lady were once well known to the polite and literary world. The graces and captivations of her person are now no more, but the radiant image of her mind remains and flourishes in immortal youth. She has the spriteliness, the playful manner and easy badinage of madame Sevigne, without her talkativeness and silly anecdotes. And let me say, that the translator of Clara D'Albe is not among the least of those who have been successful in copying the graces, and spirit of French composition. Of the original it would be superfluous to say much. It has long supported some claims to excellence in its own language, nor do I think, in its present dress, it will be less acceptable to the reader of discernment and taste. Of the translation, however, I would say a few words: the first duty undoubtedly of a translator is to give the meaning of the authour pure and unsullied. This however is not all. Every work of merit is distinguished by a peculiar cast of thought and diction, which stamps and marks its character. This is the soul and animating spirit of writing: and in transfusing and preserving this it is that the skill and address of the translator is displayed. Here we may apply with safety those lines of Horace:

Brevis esse laboro,
Obscurus fio: sectantem levia nervi
Deficiunt animique: professus grandia turget:
Serpit humi tutus nimium, timidusque procellæ.

The translator must keep that path which steers between coldness and timidity on one hand, and a licentious paraphrastick manner on the other, these two extremes the translator of Clara D'Albe has, I think, happily avoided. The promptitude and spirit with which she gives the meaning of the original not only evince a native energy and vivacity of mind, but they show us, too, she is in the possession of that art which is the result of long and laborious practice, I mean that art which depends upon a knowledge of just and harmonious expression. I am proud to find in my native city a lady, who, to a thorough conception of the force and delicacy of our language joins such brilliant powers of mind: and I have only to regret that such estimable talents should be employed in the servile task of translation. The little work, the version of which she has given to the publick, possesses considerable merit. The sentiments

without being overstrained are animated and glowing, and calculated to interest the best feelings of the heart. The story is carried on in a series of letters, which is a style of composition that has peculiar advantage. It enables the writer more fully to display the heart, and to paint those delicate shades of character which too often escape in narrative. In private familiar letters the soul is as it were laid open; we penetrate into its inmost recesses; and see it naked, stripped of the studied artifices of behaviour and disengaged from those restraints which a regard for society and the world put upon it. It is to this circumstance we owe many of those inimitable touches which charm us in the Nouvelle Heloise of Rousseau. That celebrated work has never been translated into our language; I mean it has never been rendered with the spirit and eloquence of the original; and did I not fear the consequences of that alluring book, if its bewitching sentiments, its tender pathos, were supported by an eloquence equally glowing and captivating with Rousseau's, I know no one more adequate to the translation than the lady whose work I have presumed to criticise. These observations however, will be unheard amidst the din of business, and perhaps but superficially attended to by those who have leisure for literary recreation. The period so anxiously waited for by the friends of true taste and learning approaches with tardy and hesitating steps. That period when the general voice will render unnecessary such feeble testimony as this, and when a generous and enlightened publick will discriminate and reject the spurious and tinselled productions that are thrown to us by surrounding nations, and explore and cultivate that native mine of genius which has hitherto been suffered to moulder and decay. P. F. S.

For The Port Folio.

REVIEW.

Admiralty Decisions.

(Continued from Page 172.)

Having said thus much to show the general usefulness of reporting cases in Admiralty, we shall submit to our readers a brief account of some of the principal questions, the decisions of which will be found in the Reports of Mr. Peters. A minute review of the cases themselves, in regard to the correctness of the judgments of the Court, is neither necessary, nor would it be decorous. Proceeding from Judges, whose personal and professional respectability demand great respect and deference, and, who, after listening to and weighing the arguments of learned advocates, have pronounced the law of the land on each particular case, it would not become us to indulge our private opinions in criticism or to question their judgments. If any of them be erroneous, it is for the Superiour Courts to correct their errours: were we to usurp *their* jurisdiction our proceedings would be "*coram non judice.*"

In the case of Jenning's *v.* Carson's Executors, upon a plea in abatement to the jurisdiction of the District Court in matters of *prize*, the plea is overruled, and the reasons therefor stated at large by the Judge. The case having been removed to the Circuit Court on the point of jurisdiction it was there affirmed; and consequently it is holden that the several District Courts possess all the powers of a Court of Admiralty, their jurisdiction extending as well to matters of prize, as to those which regularly belong to the Instance side of that Court.

In Findlay and *al. v.* the ship William, 1st. vol. p. 12. and Moxon and *al. v.* the brig Fanny, vol. 2 p. 309, a question of jurisdiction is decided upon facts, which at the time they took place excited much publick feeling. These were British vessels, captured by French privateers in 1793, within the territorial jurisdiction of the United States, and afterwards brought into the port of Philadelphia, where they were claimed by their respective owners and restoration demanded in the District Court. The jurisdiction of the Court was excepted to, on the part of the captors. A summary of the arguments of the counsel (which appear to have been ingenious and elaborate) is found in the decisions of the learned

Judge, by whom the claims of the libellants were dismissed, as proper subjects for executive and diplomatick interference, but not cognizable in the *Courts* of the *neutral nation*. These captures, with others of a similar nature became afterwards the subjects of diplomatick discussion between the French minister, Genet, and Mr. Jefferson, then Secretary of State, the latter declaring, that in case restitution of the prizes should be refused "the President considered it, as incumbent on the United States to indemnify the owners. The indemnification to be reimbursed by the French nation." The illegality of these captures will be found very ably established in Mr. Jefferson's despatch to Gouverneur Morris, Esq. then Minister of the United States to France, of August 16, 1793, in which the decisions in the case of the Fanny and William are spoken of, and the cases mentioned as being then *sub judice*, an appeal having been made to the Court of last resort. "If finally," says Mr. J. "the judiciary shall declare that it (the validity of these captures) does not belong to the civil authority it then results to the executive charged with the direction of the *military* force of the Union and the conduct of its affairs with foreign nations. But this is a mere question of internal arrangement, between the different departments of the Government depending on the particular diction of the Laws and Constitution, and it can in no wise concern a foreign nation, to which department these have delegated it."

The doctrine of salvage on ships and cargoes deserted at sea, or rescued from an enemy will be found very fully and learnedly discussed and laid down in the cases of Warder *v.* La Belle Creole, p. 31, Concklin *v.* Harmony, p. 34, and Morehouse *v.* Jefferson and Cargo, p. 46. (in notes, decided in the District Court of New York.) Taylor *v.* goods saved from the Cato, p. 48, Clayton *v.* ship Harmony, p. 70, Brevoor *v.* Fair American, p. 87, Bell *v.* sloop Ann, 278, Small *v.* goods saved from the schooner Messenger, p. 284, Coulon *v.* brig Neptune, p. 356, and Bond *v.* brig Cora and Cargo, p. 361. In these cases the principles on which the quantum and distribution of salvage are to be determined, are very satisfactorily stated and explained.

The cases on the subject of seamen's wages are very numerous,—and we again recommend them, as an admirable preventive of unprofitable litigation, to the attentive consideration of the intelligent merchant. We must content ourselves with citing but a few of them in this place.

In the case of Joseph Hart *v* ship Little John p. 115, on the general principle "that, where a mariner is prevented by force, when he is not in fault, from performing his voyage, he is to be paid his full wages," full wages for the voyage (deducting a proportion of salvage) are decreed to the libellant, who shipped at Edenton, on a voyage to Liverpool and back: the ship (American) delivered her cargo at Liverpool, and on her return was captured by a French cruizer, then recaptured by a British frigate, carried into Lisbon and restored on payment of salvage. Hart having been taken by the French cruizer and carried into France as a prisoner was afterwards released and *worked* his passage home. Had he during the continuance of the voyage earned wages in other service, these, agreeably to the practice of the Court, would have been also deducted from his claim. The same principle governs the decision in the next succeeding case of Howland *v.* brig Lavinia, p. 123. In a note p. 123, these cases are distinguished from that of the Friends, 4 Rob. Admy. Rep. 143. where wages were refused by Sir W. Scott to an English mariner, captured in the ship and taken out and carried to France, the ship being afterwards retaken and carried to the port of her destination, which case has been questioned in Beale *v.* Thompson, 4 East Rep. 560. The principal cases are supported by that of Brooks *v.* Dorr, p. 39 of Tyng's Reports of cases in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts (1806.)

Bordwin and *al. v.* brig Elizabeth, p. 128, an American vessel, sent in for adjudication, her seamen the libel-

lants, forcibly taken on board the capturing vessel and carried into a distant port of the captor, and there liberated, but neglected to join their ship, which was acquitted, proceeded on her voyage and earned her freight. Wages were decreed to the time the seamen were liberated and might have rejoined their ship, *but no more*. On similar principles, in the case of Williams *v.* brig Hope, p. 138, *wages for the voyage* were refused to a sick mariner who recovered, but refused to rejoin his ship. Watson *v.* brig Rose, p. 132, libellant, a citizen of the United States, was impressed from an American ship by a British cruizer. He claimed wages for the voyage, but they were refused. "He must rely on the protection due to him by his Government for the redress he is entitled to. The unlawful impressment is an injury done to him specially and individually, and has no ingredients common to all the crew."

In Walton and *al.* v. ship Neptune, p. 142, wages for the voyage were decreed to the administrator of a deceased mariner who died through accidental illness, while in the service of the ship. The law, as laid down in this case, is confirmed by the decision of the Circuit Court in the case of Sims *v.* Jackson's Admx. p. 157, in the notes.

In Whitton and *al.* v. master of the brig Commerce, p. 160, held that forfeiture for desertion was *waived* by the master's having afterwards voluntarily received them on board again. So in King *v.* Castlechurch, 1 Burr, Set. Cases 70. Lord Hardwicke said, "where a servant returns, and the master receives him, it is always esteemed a dispensation of the master and helps the discontinuance and works in the nature of a remitter." Same doctrine in King *v.* Eaton in the same book p. 48.

(To be continued.)

HOURS OF LEISURE.

Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith

(Continued from Page 184.)

"Eternal Providence exceeding thought,"
Where none appears, can make herself a way.

"Never despair" was the motto which the religious and benevolent Jonas Hanway caused to be engraven on his seal; he having, in numerous instances of his life, experienced the most signal and uncommon interferences of Providence.

The existence of what is called a special or particular Providence has been attempted to be denied, on the ground of its being contrary to the impartial character and universal love of the Deity; but whoever carefully examines the subject will find it congenial with, and growing out of those principles of the Creator's goodness; since the great business of Providence is the preserving, regulating, and restoring the harmonies of nature, reason, and religion, whenever they become disturbed, or shaken by the effects of moral or physical evil; and therefore it acts at times in a more peculiar and especial manner, as circumstances may require, making the most trifling incidents subservient to its designs, keeping the balance by which all things are weighed from the mortal eye, and giving men prosperity or adversity, success or disappointment, as may best conduce, individually, to their future good in this life, and the ultimate happiness of all.

Whoever contemplates the vast scale of the universe, its beautiful symmetry and perfection, and the great movements of nature in the order of things, must admit the existence of a Deity; and whoever believes that a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without divine permission, only spreads wider the glory of the Creator, and, by a just and natural analogy, unites in the same grand scheme a universal and a particular Providence.

The Sacred Volume beautifully unfolds the mysteries of a particular Providence in the lives of Joseph, David, and many others; and numerous proofs of its existence are to be found in every page of biographical history; while the best and greatest men of every country have owned its influence in their affairs producing success and prosperity, from circumstances apparently full of disappointment and misfortune; causing them to bend with gratitude to the Great Disposer of Events, and

to acknowledge that no human prudence could have governed and directed, as the hand of Providence had governed and directed for them; and which ought to teach us the delightful truths, that there is no evil which may not be removed; no danger, however imminent, from which we may not be preserved; and no difficulty, however great, which may not be overcome. And yet, such is the perverse disposition of man, that he frequently refuses to entertain so rational and desirable an opinion. Ignorantly proud, he falsely imagines that he owes his deliverance from danger to his own management, or what is commonly called good luck: though there are innumerable instances every day, too strongly marked with divine interpositions to be set down either to skill or chance. One would think that a doctrine so flattering to human nature as divine aid, would find an easy access to the mind of so weak and imperfect a being as man. The ancients felt the impression, and the savage embraces the idea with ecstasy; it is lost only in a busy world, where every thing is familiarized by custom, and where the sun is viewed only as bringing day. Here a few selfish and contracted ideas constitute the mind of man, who becomes a species of clock-work, a machine, or automaton of the particular occupation which he fills. Business and money form his providence; he cannot conceive that the race may not be to the swift nor the battle to the strong: and yet one would think that a belief in divine assistance would aid and animate the pursuits of every honest man; and that prudence, joined with religion, would be worth more than prudence without it: the resources of the one may fail, but the resources of the other are plenteous and eternal. Happy is the man who does his best in the situation in which he is placed, and trusts to Providence for the rest.

A striking example of the insufficiency of prudence and moral conduct in life may be produced in the character of Eusonius, who had obtained a fortune by his industry, and enjoyed domestick happiness with his family. Eusonius had a favourite daughter. His fortune he placed to the account of his good management; and the health of his child, and the accomplishments she possessed, to the regimen he had established for her, and the education he had bestowed: Providence was not acknowledged through the course of such happy events. But in the midst of prosperity and joy, the daughter of Eusonius suddenly sickened and died. "Ah!" cried the disconsolate father, "although I have never acknowledged the power of the Almighty to bless and preserve his creatures, I am compelled to acknowledge his power to destroy."

But though every man, even in the common occurrences of life, may easily trace the hand of a Divine Providence, yet none are so capable of judging of its wonders and effects as he who has seen it displayed in the hour of imminent danger or distress, and who has, perhaps, been himself the object of preservation, when no visible relief was at hand, and when every hope was gone by. *But Providence can find herself a way.*

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

For The Port Folio.

Dr. Chapman, of this city, who, greatly to the satisfaction of the admirers of Genius, and the cultivators of Eloquence, sometime since proposed editing many of the most brilliant Speeches of distinguished oratours, has ably fulfilled a very interesting portion of his task. Rejecting, for reasons sufficiently valid, the regular order of publication, he has just published the third and fourth volumes of the proposed series. His motives are thus explained in the Preface, and it is presumed his argument will satisfy every subscriber.

PREFACE

To the Third and Fourth Volume.

Yielding to the eager and importunate curiosity of his subscribers, the editor is indu-

ced to depart from the regular order of publication, and to commence with these intermediate volumes of the series, as being that section of the work which he thinks may most advantageously be put to press.

He consents the more cheerfully to this arrangement, because, it holds out the prospect of enabling him to introduce into the initial volumes, the proper place of their insertion, several Speeches of a remoter date, of great value, which he had not at first procured, but which, according to expectation, the diligence of his research has since put into his possession. Nor does he conceive that any serious objection can be raised against the innovation, when applied, as in the present instance, to a miscellany, in which there is no coherence or dependence of its parts. Moreover, if additional apology be required, the editor can plead the sanction of precedent for the license he has assumed. However novel this mode of publication may appear on this side of the Atlantick, it is frequently adopted by British booksellers and authours, and publick criticism has more than once applauded the utility of the practice. Mr. HUME printed his History of England exactly in this manner, and many other instances of equal weight might be cited, if necessary, to the editor's justification.

The subsequent volumes of the work shall appear with "all convenient despatch." The first and second of which, will contain some speeches of the "olden time;" *many* of *Lord Chatham's*, and of his brilliant cotemporaries, and further specimens of *Irish eloquence*. The fifth, and final volume, it is meant to devote, exclusively, to Speeches Forensick and Parliamentary, of our own country. Thus will the work present a more complete view of modern eloquence than hitherto has been exhibited.

In vindication of the brevity, with which some of the *prefatory notices* are written, it may be observed that they comprise whatever is necessary to the explanation of the case, in which the speech was delivered; and that they could not well have been extended, even if it were demanded, without narrowing those topicks which are reserved for the general introduction of the work.

In the collation of the speeches, contained in these volumes, the editor, rejecting vague reports, and newspaper authority, has been particularly solicitous to select such orations and pleadings, as have undergone the revision, or been published under the actual superintendence of the authour. He has been sedulous to follow with fidelity the text, nor ever presumed foolishly, if not flagitiously, to interpolate the copy; a practice, which of late, has become a sort of fashion in America, to the confusion of authours, and to the prejudice of learning.

The editor, in preparing this compilation for the press, felt none of the incitements of literary ambition, nor does he now arrogate any of the pretensions of authorship. The motives which led him to undertake it were of a very different kind. He contemplated it as an enterprise, certainly of a useful, splendid, and honourable nature, peculiarly calculated to recreate his leisure, and to deceive the burthens of an anxious and arduous profession.

Having thus incidentally alluded to his walk in life, he hopes that neither his medical brethren, nor the publick at large, will deem him a *reprehensible* wanderer, though, in the *intervals* of professional duty, he has excursed to the Bar or the Senate to make no inaccurate report of the dexterity of wit, and the dictates of wisdom, the sagacity of statesmen, and the eloquence of oratours.

By the mythology of the ancients, which has often a fine, though not always an obvious moral, we are instructed that the study and practice of physick was most conspicuously connected with the love of the liberal arts, and of polite literature.

In a mood of no censurable enthusiasm, may the editor exclaim, as to an Apollo, the tutelary god, not only of the disciples of Esculapius, but of the votaries of the muses,

Phœbe, fave, novus ingreditur tua templa sacerdos.

We should be unfaithful to friendship, merit, and elegant literature, if we withheld our hearty approbation both of the plan and the execution of these valuable volumes. The Doctor's selections are made with taste and judgment; and may be very profitably perused by the student, the lawyer, and the statesman. Indeed, among this leading description of our men of talents, we understand that the editor has found some of the warmest friends to his work. Their zeal is not misplaced. The orations which he has preserved in his collection will richly requite the attention of the reader. In the front of these volumes Mr. BURKE appears in his best array. Mirabeau's speech in support of the *absolute veto* of Louis XVI, next appears. Mr. Erskine's speech on the trial of Stockdale, Curran's on the trial of Rowan, Mr. Pitt's on revenue and expenditure, Burke's previous to the Bristol election, together with his speech on declining the poll, Curran's against the Marquis of Headfort, Fox's on the Westminster election, Mira-

beau's on the right of making war and peace, Pitt's in defence of certain grants of money to the Allies without the authority of Parliament, and Curran's on the trial of Finerty for a libel, form the highly interesting contents of Volume III.

Volume IV commences with Lord Mornington's speech delivered on the 21st of January, 1794, in the House of Commons, on a motion for an address to his Majesty at the commencement of the session of Parliament. This admirable, argumentative, rhetorical, and historical harangue, which we believe has never before appeared in America, furnishes the statesman and the moralist with such a perfect portrait of the loathsome demon of the French Revolution, such a full length, and such a horrible, but just resemblance of the malevolent genius of Jacobinism, that, if this book contained no other specimen of mental power eloquently and virtuously employed, the speech in question would be equivalent to the whole price of the work. It is not the frothy declamation of a juvenile Peer, too solicitous for splendid expression to be careful of propriety of thought. But it is a legitimate record, and a conclusive argument. It is an accurate history of a conspiracy of bandits to exterminate from the face of the earth all honour, humanity, justice, and religion. It is an exact description of French fraternity, of that union of "the utmost savageness and ferocity of design with consummate contrivance and skill in execution." Such a speech adds to the blandishments of Rhetorick the potency of Truth and the dignity of History. Like the patron of Horace, it is *et præsidium et decus*, at once pleasing and powerful. We read an instructive lesson whose diction is elegance, and whose conclusion is wisdom and morality.

We are next presented with Mr. Curran's speech on the right of election of Lord Mayor of the city of Dublin. Mr. Fox's speech on Whitbread's resolutions respecting the Russian armament. A nervous and impassioned speech of Lord Clare. Two speeches by Pitt and Fox follow, and the volume is closed with Mr. Erskine's pleadings in the case of T. Paine, an obscure staymaker, once infamously distinguished for the folly of his politicks, and the vulgarity of his deism, but now forgotten and neglected even by those zealots who once advanced him to his "*bad eminence.*"

On the whole, this compilation will redound to the honour of the editor and the advantage of its readers. We have perused these speeches with singular satisfaction; and as we wandered through all the mazes of eloquence with such guides as BURKE and CURRAN, we could not help remembering the couplet of Lucretius:

Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur AUREA DICTA.

For The Port Folio

ON THE OLYMPICK GAMES, &c.

From an Original Work, entitled "Memoirs of Anacreon, translated from the Greek of Critias of Athens, by Charles Sedley, Esq.

(*Continued from page* 182.)

I am now old, but the blood in my veins yet throbs with the melancholy pleasures of retrospection when I think on the days I have described. Although many Olympiads have scattered their snows over my forehead, my mind yet springs with all the elasticity of youth as my feeble tongue recounts the times that are past, and Memory, faithful to her trust, presents the picture of the ardour and enthusiasm of youth in the vivid colours of reality.

It was not a parcel of obscure men who had assembled to contend for a few paltry leaves, or to satisfy a little vanity by displaying the pageantry of wealth, but it was a collection of the greatest men in the Greek States.*

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* The Romans, who regarded the refinements of their neighbours with a jealous eye, saw nothing but a spirit of commerce in all the religious festivals of Greece. These games in particular were termed THE COMMERCE OF OLYMPIA. *Olympiorum initium auterem habuit Iphitum Elium. Is eos ludos, mercatumque instituit.* Paterc. lib. I.

Some were dignified by a long line of illustrious ancestry, and others were enobled by their own merit. There, young men, actuated by that noble spirit which a general emulation excited, resorted, with high aspiring hopes, to earn the sweet rewards that glory gives. Each competitor that presented himself felt conscious of the purity of his life, for he had to undergo the scrutiny of collected Greece. When the Athletæ or other competitions came forward at the proclamation, the herald announced their names and the states which they represented. Those who had distinguished themselves by renowned deeds or signal services to their country were welcomed by loud shouts from the people. After the herald had concluded this ceremony, the lists were opened, and other officers proclaimed in a solemn manner:

"GRECIANS! *these are the men who are about to contend for the palm of fame. If there be any among you who can reproach one of them with a crime, or know of his having been in bondage, come forward and declare it, that he may not sully the honour of the games.*"

He who had the temerity to challenge such a test was sure to have his guilt detected and his effrontery severely punished.

The Hippodromus, where the horse and chariot races were held, exhibited the most brilliant spectacle. Monarchs have not disdained to train their generous steeds to contend in this part of the ceremony—and republicks have appropriated large sums for the same purpose. Here they strive to surpass each other not only in the fleetness of their horses, but in the splendour of their trappings and the generosity of their rivalship.

But the amusement is not confined to those who are engaged in corporeal exercises. The games attract all who are ambitious of displaying whatever talents they may possess. You may find the invention of the poet, the subtlety of the metaphysician, the colouring of the painter, and the melody of the lyrist. In one corner, we met a knot of sophists, who were perplexing their audience with premises and conclusions, and, in another, a mathematician was describing figures on the sand. I was particularly entertained by a young poet, named Lycon, who, mounted on a rostrum, composed verses with admirable facility upon every subject that was proposed to him. Rhapsodists were seen wandering in all directions repeating passages from the most eminent authours. He who appeared to be the most popular, was reciting detached parts of Homer, with all that zeal of admiration, which only such poets were born to inspire. Another, jealous of the attention which was paid to his selections, thus interrupted him:

"Who is this Homer, this strolling bard, whom you are eulogizing with all the extravagance of panegyrick? It had been well if the tyrant of Athens had relieved the wants of the living poets who surround him, instead of lavishing his treasures upon the useless rhapsodies of an obscure beggar. Has he displayed that judgment which is so essential in a poet, in his Iliad? His characters are not heroes endued with the power of volition; they are mere subordinate agents, who never act but by superiour influence. Look at his famous chieftain, Achilles: where does he perform a deed of bravery without the intervention of some deity? Who inspired

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There can be little doubt but that among such a concourse of people many attended solely for the purposes of traffick, to which the Grecians were generally addicted. The immunities offered by the general armistice σπονδαι 'Ολυμπικας, which was sacredly observed at such periods, enabled the traders to transport their merchandize towards Olympia, with perfect safety. The advantages resulting from this periodical influx of men and wealth could not have escaped the discernment of such a monarch as Iphitus, who advanced the prosperity of Elis as much by the arts of peace, as the glory of Sparta was promoted by the horrours of war, under the rule of his rival and friend Lycurgus. The Elians, however, became too knowing in the petty tricks of trade, and they were as regardless of the faith of obligations as a modern Gaul. For their notorious knavery they were wholly excluded from participating in the Isthmian Games.

his great rival for glory with the boldness which he displays in his combats with the various Greek leaders but Jupiter? And when the poet is so profane as to represent the king of gods as withdrawing his protection from the Trojans, where is the mighty courage of Hector? He becomes a coward, and flies is disgrace to hide his diminished head. In another instance when Glaucus encountered Diomed, although they are in the heat of battle, when every nerve is strung, and the eye looks only to the banners of victory or the trophies of an honourable death, Diomed is dismayed by the majestick mien of his antagonist, and he endeavours to save himself by declaring that he will not fight with an immortal. We are then carried from the field of battle, and instead of contemplating the deeds of heroes we are amused with a nursery tale of the life and parentage of Glaucus—and all this is to prove that he is a mortal and provoke his enemy to combat."

"This same Diomed in a council of chieftains, when Agamemnon desired them to deliberate on some new and more effectual means of carrying on the war, enters into a long account of his genealogy and obliges his companions by a particular description of each of his ancestors. He then gravely concludes by advising the Generalissimo to exhort the soldiers to courage and perseverance!"

"He evinces a very vitiated taste by many of the similes which he introduces. Thus, he compares Ulysses to a piece of beef broiled on the coals, and Ajax to an ass. Such comparisons neither illustrate nor dignify; on the contrary they obscure the sense, and make the objects ridiculous."

"He has introduced gods enraged with anger and inflamed with lust; and even produced before our eyes, their wars, their wrangling, their duels, and their wounds. He has exposed, besides, their antipathies, animosities and dissensions; their origin and death; their complaints and lamentations; their appetites indulged in all manner of excess, their adulteries, their fetters, their amorous commerce with the human species; and from immortal parents derived mortal offspring."†

"Can you claim the wreath of fame for a poet who thus sullies the dignity of epick poetry by making the gods more abandoned, more profligate, weak, and unsteady than men? who summons them from their ethereal seats in every trifling emergency? who converts his heroes into cowards and garrulous old women, and makes his wise men fools?"

"I see" answered the rhapsodist "that you are one of those unsuccessful poets who are envious of the opening buds of Homer's laurel—you are thrown in the shade by the lustre of those rays which now begin to shine around his tomb, and you would strive to dim their splendour. But the bright beam of his glory is coming on, and I need not the gift of prophecy to predict, that in many ages after us, his fame, which but now appears like a meteor twinkling in the horizon to relieve the obscurity of the night, will shine resplendent as a star of the first magnitude."

"You say he wants judgment to conduct an epick poem. Does he not display his wisdom in ascribing every thing to the source from which it is derived? are not our passions and propensities instilled into our bosoms by the all-pervading influence of the gods? and was it not the duty of the poet to inculcate that reverence for them, which we ought to feel? but whatever he wants in judgment, and perhaps his discretion sometimes slumbers, is amply supplied by his intuitive and luxuriant genius. His eye excursive rolls over the boundless expanse of the Heavens, or descends to describe the transactions of the sublunary world. Yet he disgusts us not with the mean and the familiar: like a skilful provider he

† This last passage is from Cicero's first book, DE NATURA DEORUM. Plato expelled Homer from his imaginary Republick on account of the vitiousness of his Theology.

selects the choicest viands and he lavishes them with no unsparing hand.

"Every art must have a commencement, and every inception must, in some degree, be imperfect. The age of Homer was rude and its taste as well as its manners, was uncultivated. By comparing the period at which he wrote, with the present time, we shall find that we have made a rapid progress in improvement; and yet I doubt whether we can exhibit so wonderful a genius. None of our poets have caught so fervid a flame to illumine their conceptions as that which he respired. And even with this model before our eyes no one evinces such maturity of judgment, and such excellence of execution.

"‡ Homer seems, as in a concert of musick, to have sung all the different parts which can possibly be introduced into poetry, and to have surpassed all his cotemporary poets in the very art in which each of them excelled. He is more noble and lofty in his language than Orpheus; his verse is sweeter than the melody of Hesiod, and in other respects he has excelled the rest. The subject he treats is the Trojan story, into which Fortune had collected and, as it were, displayed all the virtues both of the Greeks and the barbarous nations. There he has represented wars of all kinds; sometimes of men against men, and sometimes opposed to horses: sometimes against walls and rivers, and sometimes even against gods and goddesses. He has likewise represented Peace in all her attractions; and Discord with all her horrours: he has described dances and songs, and loves and feasts; he has taught what belongs to agriculture, and has marked the seasons that are fit for rural toils: he has sung of navigation, and of the art of working metals by fire, and has painted the different figures and manners of men, he has given the soundest lessons in government, and has inculcated the purest principles of morality. All this I think Homer has done in a wonderful and almost supernatural manner; and those who are not in love with him are not in their senses."

(*To be continued.*)

‡ This passage is from Philostra. Heroicks Lib. ii.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The description of the Olympick Games our classical readers will peruse with pleasure.

In a former volume of The Port Folio, we published a copious extract from The Memoirs of Anacreon, a work designed after a classical model, planned ingeniously, and executed faithfully, with the approbation of one who is most interested in the reputation of the work. Independently of the great names of the Abbe Barthelemy and the Earl of Hardwick, the successful example of Florian, certainly one of the politest of the modern French scholars, is fully sufficient to justify our American adventurer in this curious walk of composition, where Truth and Fable are found side by side. Perhaps the Numa Pompilius of the Gallick Goldsmith is a personage more interesting than even in the Roman page. May we not hope that the memoirs of the merriest of the ancients, enlarged by the industry and embellished by the talents of C. S. Esq. will be read with interest and pleasure by those who feel a laudable pride in the encouragement of indigenous genius. As a favourable specimen of the performance we are recommending, we are copying the authour's description of those Games instituted by a polished people, where the wisest displayed their sagacity and the swiftest tasked their alertness, where strength exerted all his muscle, and art displayed all her enchantment.

In the Review of Judge PETERS's Admiralty Decisions, see Port Folio, page 172, an *omission* occurs fatal to the sense, which the reader is desired to rectify—For "Indeed, how can it be otherwise, when the scales are so equally balanced," &c. read, "Indeed, how can it be otherwise, when, IN MANY CASES, the scales are so equally balanced," &c. Such an injurious omission as the above the editor thinks it his duty to correct very cheerfully though he is not in the habit of exhibiting *errata*, or of making apologies.

To expect *immaculate* sheets from an American Press is, to use the homely proverb of Sancho, "looking for *pears* from an *elm*." In a *new* country, few are found capable of the accurate revision of a proof, especially where any other language than the vernacular is employed; and if, by a sort of miracle, a man of learning should appear, who to the hundred eyes of Argus and the piercing eyes of a lynx added the patience of Job, the perseverance of a Jones, and the diligence of a Dutchman, still that *stinginess* which Franklin recommended, who was himself a sort of journeyman printer, would

deny him the recompense of his care. As the deficiency of literature and the niggardly system alluded to grow out of the character of the country, and are not chargeable upon the individual, any correspondent, who complains of an editor for mangling his manuscript, finds fault, not with him, but America herself.

An unfortunate, though very ingenious writer, who some time since favoured us with remarks which occurred to him in a pedestrian tour through part of the principality of Wales, warmly expostulates with us for representing the *stag* as one of the inhabitants of the cottages of that country. It seems that the *hog* was the animal intended, both to give our readers a lively idea of the taste of the *common people*, who naturally choose a swine for their companion, and because, unluckily for our reputation in Natural History, there is no such creature as a stag to be seen in North Wales, either *for love or money*, as my chambermaid happipily expresses it.

A young gentleman, who recently favoured us with an occasional essay, with the signature of SALADIN, puzzled us, and astonished the town, by an allusion to the mountains of *Heloctia*. Not having the honour of the slightest acquaintance with their *Eminences*, we tasked our humble powers of remembrance to assist in exploring our way to these same unheard of hills. We were ashamed to consult an historical dictionary, as being altogether a vulgar expedient, and sometimes conjectured that these mountains might be found in China, or in Asia Minor at least. A few days after these stupendous mountains had reared their proud heads in The Port Folio, as we were pensively sitting in company with coffee and Carr's Stranger in *Ireland*, who should enter the room but Saladin himself. His namesake, of tremendous memorial, could not look more grim than our correspondent when he demanded what the devil we meant by the mountains of *Heloctia?* Sir, says the enraged authour, I swear by the Lake of Lausanne and the Castle of Chillon, and the tomb of Eloisa, that you have disfigured one of the finest countries in Europe. You ought to ask pardon of all Switzerland for thus shamefully abusing the mountains of *Helvetia*.

But in justice to our dear country, for errours of the Press, America has not an exclusive privilege. Oscitancy sometimes affects the London Printers, and, as Caleb Whitefoord has merrily demonstrated, blunders in printing are not confined to the Press of George Faulkner. For Dove read *Vulture*, and for Jackall read *Giantess*, is a salutary caution by which a newspaper reader will profit abundantly. Nay, our learned brother, the sometime editor of The Morning Chronicle, whose Jacobinism and whose Genius were equally amazing, thus writes with all the gravity of an historian:

"*Ostriches* are so *common* and so *strong* in Egypt, that the *Arabs* ride upon them." Upon which precious article of information the Anti-Jacobin wits thus delightfully comment:

"Here are several *errours of the Press* in this paragraph. These our well known respect for the *Geographical* and *Historical* accuracy of *The Morning Chronicle* incline us to attempt to rectify: for *Ostriches*, therefore, read *Crocodiles*, a word very easy to be mistaken for it *at the Press;* and for *Arabs* read *Egyptians*. The remark that Ostriches are so *strong* in Egypt is well put in, they being *so weak* everywhere else!!"

MERRIMENT.

One day, just as a French officer had arrived at Vienna, the empress knowing that he had seen a certain princess, much celebrated for her beauty, asked him if it was really true that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. "I thought so yesterday," he replied.

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A beggar once asked charity of a man whose circumstances were far from easy. "Alas! my friend," he replied, if you had not prevented me, I was going to make the same request of you."

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A ruined debtor, having done his utmost to satisfy his creditors, said to them, "Gentlemen, I have been extremely perplexed till now how to satisfy you; but having done my utmost endeavour, I shall leave you to satisfy yourselves."

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